

The Paint Chips Away

Bane

We just can't go on No not like this The center will not hold So many voices with so much to say But frozen
when it's time to lift a finger And fix what has been broken for so long You have not taken one true step
towards leaving the Pettiness that you claim that you left behind This scene that that you are such a proud part
of Buckles when you're ego strikes Sinks under the weight of your apathy Your actions erase the good in your
words And your compassion's as empty as your pride It's not enough the things that you say It's how you live
your life day by day Forget what you are I wanna know who you are It doesn't matter what you call yourself It's
how you carry yourself Are you really here to help?

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